

Dangerous Truth

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Summary: He had to know, and it could not wait. One shot. R&R, enjoy!

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****A.N. :** Here's my second one-shot, hope you'll enjoy. I'm no english native, so don't mind my (in my opinion) limited vocabulary. Shame on me if there's any grammar mistake, though.**

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><p>It had been a long day. I had spent hours doing tests with Toothless' prosthetic fin, trying to figure out what position would allow my friend to do what maneuver. With my dad still searching for the dragons' nest, I decided that I could stay with Toothless for the night, since nobody out of the entire village would care anyway. I'd just have to wake up soon enough to be present in dragon training.<p>

"Hey bud, I think I'll be staying tonight, sounds good to you?"

My friend's ears perked up, and soon he was nuzzling me, purring happily.

"Well, I'll take that as a yes. Now settle down, so I can get this saddle and fin off of you!"

Toothless did just that. I obliged too and gently unstrapped and removed the contraptions from my scaly friend's body. Once I was done, Toothless curled up against me, inviting me to rest on his belly. I smiled at the offer and made myself comfortable in my friend's grasp. I looked at the dragon bring his tail around me and himself, it going all the way to his face, so that he could rest on

it. But instead of going to sleep, he looked at his fin, or actually, at his missing fin, and growled. My whole body stiffened as I saw that.

No. He knew already, didn't he?

Didn't he?

I had to be sure. I couldn't bring myself to be his friend if he didn't know it was me who shot him down that dreaded night. He would find out one day, anyway. Then, what would he do, if he realised I'd hid this from him for so long? He would kill me. He would hate me for it. But that's exactly what he might do right now if I told him. But that's exactly what he could've done when I freed him, instead of killing him. I had no choice. I had to tell him.

I slowly stood up, earning a puzzled expression from my -maybe soon not to be- friend.

"B-bud, it's about your tail, isn't it? That you're growling?"

He gave me a wide expression, as if he wanted to tell me not to worry about that. He didn't know. I backed away slowly, he kept staring at me.

"I-I-I thought you.. I thought you knew." He simply tilted his head questioningly. "About your tail, it... was me, that night. It was my bola. I'm so sorry, you can't know..."

He had not moved an inch. He was still staring at me. There was only one difference, but it was everything. His eyes were slits. He then stood up and started walking up to me, growling heavily. I couldn't do anything. I took a small step back and fell to my knees.

"I... I'm sorry, I really am.. I made all of this for you, I.. I don't want to see you grounded. I couldn't bear seeing you grounded because of me."

He was right in front of me now. He was still growling as loud as he could, but he had not tore me to shreds. Yet.

"I.. I'll understand if you don't want.. to see me anymore. I don't want you to stay with me just because you.. need me to fly. If you want, I'll try to make a new fin. One that would allow you to fly, alone. There got to be a way to make one, I'll find it. I... don't want you stuck in there, bud. I'd rather die than see you stuck in here."

He stopped growling. His pupils dilated slightly, but they still looked nothing like the round black balls they had been only a few minutes ago. 'That's it, it ends with that.' I told myself. He'd have me make a new fin and he would go. It would be over. Just as if nothing had ever happened. I felt dizzy. I curled up on myself, letting out a low sob. I'd be alone, again. What did I expect? That I could just cripple him, then pet him and get away with it? I was stupid, oh so stupid. He was an intelligent being. Probably just as intelligent as anyone else in Berk, if not more. You don't go around and make someone your pet. That doesn't work. You don't do that. Why, then, did I think it could be any different with him? So stupid.

I felt something push me slightly. It was him. Who else? What did he want from me? Probably to get out and make him a new tail before he ate me. He nudged me again. I slowly opened my eyes and looked up, tears still dropping quietly. He was in front of me, again. But he had his old tail-fin in his mouth. He dropped it in front of me.

Then he cooed at me.

He forgave me.

I couldn't help it. I jumped at his neck, hugging him tightly. He started purring, and then stood on his hind legs, literally lifting me off the ground. I didn't let go, and he hugged back. He squeezed me slightly with his forelegs and wrapped his wings around me. He was holding me.

"I'm sorry. So sorry... I'll have you flying again, promise."

I couldn't call anybody in Berk my friend. Not even Gobber. He was my mentor, my teacher. He did what my dad should have been doing, sort of. But he wasn't my friend. Toothless was my friend.

And he was a true friend.

End
file.